

The Brethren Evangelist,

THE BRETHREN CHURCH PAPER,
Ashland, Ohio.

The Church and Field

The EVANGELIST from now to Jan. 1st, 1886, for 50 cents. Send in a good number of new names.

Bro. Holsinger's sale was deferred until next Thursday, 20th, at 10 o'clock, a.m. The "Mardigras" absorbed all the attention of the public last Saturday.

Bro. Isaac Ross of Rosstown, Ohio, says everything is moving along nicely here, both in Sunday School and meeting. Bro. Mallott preaches for them occasionally.

There is a dearth of news this week and we filled up the paper largely with selections that have been put in type and set back from week to week to make room for more important matter.

The Brethren church near Lanark, Ill., had a children's meeting on the evening of the ninth of August, which was very successfully conducted. We love to hear that the children are being looked after.

Bro. Mason, in getting into the "true inwardness" of the waste basket last week, found what he did not expect—one of his own productions. His own true inwardness about the contents of our waste basket has undergone some change and his dissections, in a modified tone, appear this week instead of last, as had been promised.

Decision.

I have read the various arguments, pro and con, on the noted question, "The Soul not Immortal," and have come to this decision. If the soul is that which the Mosaic account of the resurrection makes it, Gen. 2:7, and 3:19, it is mortal and the fall has made it so. If it is the spirit—that imperishable, intelligent, immaterial entity, that in death shall return to God who gave it, Eccl. 12, it is immortal, and Christ by his meditorial work, vicarious suffering, and death made it so, who then by his quickened, disembodied, human spirit, went and preached to the spirits in prison. 1 Peter 3:19.

Come, mortal versus immortality debaters, let us know which you are talking about.

E. S. MILLER.

To do so no more is the truest repentance.—Luther.

A commonwealth ought to be as one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and statue of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as his body.—Milton

Daily ought we to renew our purposes, and to stir up ourselves to greater fervor, and to say, "Help me, my God! in this my good purpose and in thy service, and grant that I may now this day begin perfectly."—Thomas A. Kempis.

We shall not establish ourselves in truth by hovering continually about the obscure places in the Divine revelation, nor by magnifying the doubtful questions suggested by every practical system of faith when applied to extreme cases.—G. Fredrick Wright.

Trans-Missouri Flashes.

BY W. J. H. BAUMAN.

Hot and dry is the order of the day in N. E. Kansas at this writing.

It is reported that Elder Jessie Calvert of the G. B. church is to be in our midst soon.

Why do you pay everybody else and make God wait so long?

The writer preached three sermons yesterday, and some people think he does not preach enough.

Several preachers at one place and none at other places is to say the least—not right.

After men are dead their usefulness during life becomes more thoroughly appreciated.

An important question: "Are you washed in the blood of the lamb?"

"Charity vaunteth not itself," but infidelity does.

Men can be sober and sincere without being melancholy and peevish.

Since penning the last flash I bought a new bottle of ink, and as you see, Mr. Editor, it is of a different color; but then it answers the same purpose. So in the various departments of human life and action, methods of application may differ somewhat, yet, the principle and end accomplished will be all the same.

We need a Convention very much, in my judgment, and I would say to those who fear retrogression into the old A. M. ruta by holding conventions, drink a little deeper into the spirit of the age, and your fears will vanish.

Some men are only tolerated in church because they are rich, at least we believe such to be the case.

Flattery should be kept out of the pulpit but love should fill it.

"The preacher meant that thrust he made to-day for me." Of course he did if you are guilty and I am inclined to think you are or you would not touch so.

"Am I your enemy because I tell you the truth?"—Paul.

Men worth five, ten, fifteen, twenty &c. thousand dollars are often, in their own estimation, just as poor when it comes to casting into the Lord's treasury as those not worth that many cents.

From stubbornness Christians should stand aloof, but there is a difference between stubbornness and firmness.

Some men pray a great deal more than they watch.

Prayer.

With Paul his prayers were themselves quite as much a part of his work for God as his preaching the Gospel, or his suffering for the truth's sake. And though in this as well as in every other part of his work, he—or, as he says, "Not I, but the grace of God that was in me"—labored more abundantly than all who either went before or followed him in the work of witnessing for Christ; yet this at least is certain that I can only follow his example in his work for God in proportion as I follow it in regard to prayer.

It is very profitable to think how much preparatory thought the Apostle must have given to work before praying; how he must have considered the various circumstances in regard to which the assistance and direction were need for it; the spec-

ial aid that he and others required; the special dangers and temptations and difficulties to which it was liable. Thus I shall realize better how truly prayer is itself work, not for God, but with God and in God. And if I need a general rule for my continual direction in "my work for God," let me remember that the most general and the most practical of all is that which Paul has given us, and exemplified in his own life; "Continue steadfastly in prayer watching therein with thanksgiving."—H. CORTRILL.

Our Debt To Others.

There is one teaching of incidents which has formed the basis of recent Sunday school lessons, that we may do well to emphasize. Paul having assurance of his own safety from the storm on Adria, in that he must needs be sent to preach Jesus at Rome, is not content with his own safety. A constraint is on him to secure the welfare of all on board. At Melita he must use the time for others' benefit and help. Even in the restriction at Rome, pending a hearing, he must still be as a savior to others. Yet all the while he is a prisoner.

Are we Christians, in any way, as saviors of our fellows? Life's restrictions should not hinder our usefulness. Nay, they cannot hinder us altogether, if we have a mind to be useful. Our evident faith may infuse life as really as the transfusion of blood can do it. Our sympathy, our seeking subjects fit to be relieved and then relieving them. Our simply clinging to duty unswervingly, as examples of steadfastness. In many ways we may be saviors.—THE MORAVIAN.

Old Editions of the Bible.

Queer titles have been given to some old editions of the Bible. The "Bug" Bible was printed in London in 1551, and received its nick-name from the fact that the Psalm xci. 5, was translated, "Thou shalt not need to be afraid for any Bugges by night," instead of as in our version, "Afraid for the terror by night."

The "Breeches" Bible was printed in Geneva, in 1560, and is so called from Genesis iii. 7, being translated, "They sewed fig leaves together and made themselves breeches," instead of aprons as in our version.

The "Treacle" Bible was issued in 1581, and in it Jer. viii. 25, reads, "Is there no treacle in Gilead," etc., instead of balm. In 1609 this word was changed to "rosin," and so came the name of the "Rosin" Bible. In 1611 this last word was changed for "balm," as now.

The "He" Bible printed in 1611, takes its name from an error in Ruth iii. 15, "He measured six measures of barley and laid it on her, and he went into the city," when the words should have been "she went into the city," etc.

The "Wicked" Bible was printed in 1634, and was so named from its omitting the word "not" from the Seventh Commandment, making it read: "Thou shalt commit adultery;" and this extraordinary omission occurred again in a German edition of 1732; so there was a

wicked Bible in each language.

The "Vinegar" Bible was printed in 1717, and is so called from the headline of Luke xx, which is made to read: "The parable of the vinegar," instead of "the parable of the vineyard." The printer of the edition was one John Basket, of Oxford, and from its many errors in spelling and punctuation it was sometimes called "a Basket full of errors."

The "Eel-pot" Bible was the edition translated by Eliot for the Indians. Describing by the sign of crossing his finger what he thought would represent the "lattice-work" through which the mother of Sisera cried (Judges v. 27,) he asked the Indians the proper word for it, and they gave him one, which he inserted in his translation, supposing, of course, it was right. But when he became more fully acquainted with their language, he found he had made the passage read: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried through the eel-pots," instead of "lattice."—Exchange.

The peculiar danger of advancing years is length of discourse. Two honored brethren have lately fallen asleep, whose later years were an infliction on their friends. To describe one is to depict the other. He is so good and great, and has done such service that you must ask him to speak. He expects you to do so. You make bold to propose that he will occupy only a few minutes, and your meeting will die out under his protracted periods. Your audience moves, all interest is gone, your meeting is a failure, and all through a dear old man whose very name is inspiration. The difficulty is, not to start these grand old men, but to stop them when started; they appear to be wound up like clocks, and they must be run down. This is a seductive habit to be guarded against when years increase. It may be wise to resolve upon being shorter as age inclines to be longer. It would be a pity to shorten our congregation by lengthening our discourse.—Spurgeon.

President Lincoln's favorite sermon: Don't drink, don't smoke, don't chew, don't swear, don't gamble, don't lie, don't cheat; love your fellowmen, as well as God, love truth, love virtue and be happy.

There is no man however wicked or however vulgar, but naturally loves virtue.—Mad. de Genlis.

God's laws were never designed to be like cobwebs which catch the little flies, but suffer the large ones to break through.—Matthew Henry.

A banyan-tree cutting from Cairo, Egypt, is to be planted in Central Park, New York, with the hope that it will take root and prove a special attraction. It will take a year's time to determine the result.

Gen. J. B. Weaver, who it will be remembered, was one of the representatives of the Oklahoma colonists when a journey was made to Washington to place before the Administration the justness of the settler's claims, says the cattle leases will be revoked, and that Oklahoma will open finally to settlement.

A Universal Remedy.

There is probably no single article in the world which possesses such curative powers as water. If it cost a dollar a pint and had to be brought a thousand miles, physicians would no doubt prescribe it, and people would be anxious to buy it. But it is perhaps too cheap to be of general use.

About three-quarters of every human body is warm water, and the presence or absence of this fluid in due proportion has more to do with health than almost any other condition of our existence. A man can live upon water three or four times as long as he can upon dry food; in fact, nothing is fit for food that does not contain a large percentage of water. And for a large proportion of diseases from which men suffer, water is the most prompt and efficient remedy. In cases of croup, colic, neuralgia, congestion, sore throat, or rheumatism, there is probably nothing which will so promptly relieve distress and dangerous symptoms as pure hot water. In fevers nature cries out for water with unutterable desire; and it is often the only remedy which can satisfy and relieve the sufferer.

Water, as the medium through which life is communicated and sustained, is a most fitting emblem of the Spirit of the Lord, which falls like rain upon the thirsty soul, which abides within like a well of water springing up into everlasting life, and which like rivers of living water, flows forth to satisfy the longings of a dying world. The Savior says, "if any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink; he that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of him shall flow rivers of living water." Blessed are they who know by glad experience, that "these are the true sayings of God," and who have proved that he who drinketh the water that Jesus gives shall never thirst, for the water that he bestows shall be in him a well of water, "springing up into everlasting life."—SEL.

MARRIED.

At the house of the bride's parents near Berlin, Pa. Thursday evening August 13, 1885, by Eld. J. H. Knepper, Mr. Edward E. Brant and sister Emma S. Cober. The bride is a sister in the flesh to our esteemed brother, A. A. Cober, of Glenford, O.

DIED.

SEIBERT.—At Berlin, Pa., Aug. 11, 1885. Grace Belle, infant daughter of sister Lizzie Seibert; aged ten months and sixteen days. The father preceded the child about nine months.

JOHN H. KNEPPER.

James Rutter, Jr., was working hard all day on the 10th inst. and in the evening while going to the house, fell to the ground. His good, old mother ran to the spot and found him unconscious. His wife and others also rushed to the spot and he was carried to the house immediately. Two physicians were called but could do nothing to relieve him. He lingered till one o'clock that night when he died of apoplexy. His age was 38 years, 10 months, and 4 days. He leaves a wife, father and mother, six sisters and one brother to mourn his loss. He will be greatly missed by the family. He was much respected by his neighbors and friends who turned out in a large funeral train to pay their last respects to the dead. The services were conducted by the writer.

May we remember that life hangs on a thread that is likely to snap at any moment and we fall headlong to eternity. One day he was working in his barn and the next day he lay a corpse in his house. What a change!

A. A. COBER.